

## Wealth of Our Language

"GENTLEMAN" isn't the only word in our language which might profitably be adopted by the French. They have no definite words for "baby," "home" or "comfort"—only phrases to mean those things.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in History

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, still familiarly known as "Kit" Marlowe, and considered by some as the greatest of the Elizabethan dramatists next to Shakespeare, died in a brawl on this date in the year 1593.

# THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

## A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife is in Love With Another Man

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

**By Gouverneur Morris**  
Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and Other Notable Fictions.

THE first thing that Manners had noticed on entering the drawing room was the photograph of himself in a narrow silver-gilt frame that previously Diana had always kept on her dressing table.

"First she turns me out of her room," he had thought, "and now she turns my picture out."

But he had gone at once to see if she had not substituted another photograph of him which he knew she liked better. She had not. And he had felt childishly hurt.

He looked at the photograph again, went close to it, and spoke to it. "What's the matter with her anyway?" he asked. The photograph very naturally did not answer. It did not even seem to have heard the question which had been addressed to it. "You've been here all the time," said Manners, "and I've been away. You could tell me an awful lot if you only would. But you won't. I suppose it's because we have nothing in common except that we look alike."

He heard the hall door open, and a moment later Diana's voice. "Whose bag? Way, for heaven's sake!" "Frank!"

Somehow he had already gathered that Diana was not alone. And that knowledge damped the ardor of the embrace with which he must otherwise have greeted her. "Why, Frank?" she said. "How you frightened me!"

They had not really kissed. Their cheeks had touched for a moment,

## The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter, He decides to go East without letting Diana know beforehand. On train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrives home and finds Diana is in town, he goes to their apartment.

and now she had backed away from him, and although she didn't look in the least frightened she did look a little bewildered and troubled. Then she remembered her companion.

"Ogden," she called, "come and meet my husband . . . of all the surprises!"

A moment later she had introduced to her husband a man named Fenn.

It is doubtful if at that moment he made upon Manners a single distinct impression of any kind. If he seemed anything to Manners he seemed shy, gentle, embarrassed and very much in the way.

Ordinarily Manners would have exerted himself to be amusing and polite. But he was really very tired, the waiting had put his nerves on edge, and the manner of his meeting with the woman whom he loved with all his tender heart had been very disappointing—that and the photograph and everything—looked from him his usual power of free and easy speech. Diana came to the rescue.

"I don't know what's happened," she said, "or why you are here. But of course you want to go to the country at once to see Tam, and I suppose of course that you want me to go with you."

"Of course," he said, and turned to Fenn. "I'm awfully sorry to be

in the way; but I am and it can't be helped."

Mr. Fenn said something about "only going to the movies," and relapsed at once into a gentle and embarrassed silence. It was obvious that he wanted to get away and that he did not know how. Manners helped him. He thrust out his hand:

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "It's horrid of me, but I haven't seen my wife and baby for months and months. And I know you'll understand. Awfully glad to have met you."

Mr. Fenn turned somewhat awkwardly toward the door. Diana smiled brightly at him and said: "Sorry, Ogden, 'nother time!"

She seemed to be no more interested in his departure than if he had been the paperhanger, and she turned to her husband, still smiling.

**Diana Looks Her Age.**

But the smile drooped a little at the corners, and Manners was shocked to observe that Diana really looked as if she might be thirty. His irritation and his disappointment faded before a feeling of pity and compassion.

His Diana was tired, and she wasn't happy, and he couldn't make her happy. He had never seen her look so badly. Even her color was not good.

"You've been overdoing, dear," he said. Usually she would have denied the imputation or shrugged it aside. But she didn't this time. She said: "Shouldn't wonder." And she added: "How you did frighten me!"

Almost immediately she left him to pack the little bag which served her as a sort of link between what she kept in town and what she left in the country, and Manners, having lit a cigarette, resumed his caged prowling. In the telling American of it he felt "All in."

Diana had not been pleasantly surprised. During his absence he had gained no ground with her. She had been sadder at parting than she was glad at meeting. He wished to



Diana Manners assures Ogden Fenn of her undying devotion as seen from the new film story, "The Wild Goose."

ask her at once what was the matter. But he knew that Diana was with her and that he must wait. It seemed to him that he had had to do

## Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon at Leading Theaters

almost more waiting in his life than anyone he knew. His had been enforced waitings. He could never during any one of them have had the satisfaction of saying with Ravenswood "I bide my time." He bided his time, indeed, but only because he was made to.

Was Diana really beginning to lose her looks? To him that could never make any difference. His love for Diana was not founded upon her looks, nor were the flames of it fanned by them. But to Diana it would be so tragic. With regard to her looks and to the development of her character it had always seemed to him as if for once Time was surely going to stand still.

At the station only a few months before she had looked like a young girl. And today she looked her age, which was thirty. And of course she knew it. Compassion possessed him and hurt him. He longed to take her in his arms and hold her tight—tight.

He went softly to her bedroom door. But she had not finished packing and Hilda was with her.

"Most finished," he asked. "Almost," she said. "We'll have to get some things at the Parlor Market. Do you mind? You see, we weren't either of us expected to-night."

Manners returned to the drawing-room; but this time he had not long to wait. He would not let Hilda help him with the bags, and Diana went ahead to open the doors.

He took it for granted that Diana had ordered a taxi. What an able little person she was. There was nothing that she wouldn't get done! If only she wouldn't scatter her energy so! How wonderful if she had put it all into building up a home; all her energy, all her ability, all her charm and loveliness!

They were no sooner in the taxi than he took her hand in his, and he held it all the way to the Parlor

Market, and thereafter to the Pennsylvania Station. "I'm tired and fussed," he explained, "and it goes right through me and soothes me. If you only knew how I love you!" He felt a faint pressure from her fingers, and she said very quietly and gravely:

"I do know, Frank."

In the old wonderful days she would have looked at him with those wonderful blue eyes of hers, eyes that were sometimes gay and imploring at the same moment, and she might have answered:

"If you only knew how I love you!"

"Diana, dear," he said, "there's something on your mind, something that's troubling you."

But she said there was nothing. And he believed her. Having her say definitely that there was nothing was a real relief to him. She qualified her denial.

"It's been a little hard about money," she said. "That Chicago person has never sent the check for his wife's portrait."

"Why, you poor child!" exclaimed Manners, "I supposed of course that you had that."

"I knew how much you had to worry you," said Diana. "And so I just did the best I could without it. But I never knew anything about money before. And you can be sure of one thing, I'm not going to be extravagant any more."

It was the first time that she had ever made a positive promise of reform about anything. Her usual formula was: "Well, I suppose I'll have to try; but I don't suppose I can."

Somehow that promise, though she had phrased it in the form of a mere statement, made him feel as if a barrier was breaking down between them. Now at last she understood that his complaints about her extravagance had not been those of a mean and ill-natured man, but of

one who had been sorely tried and harassed. But he merely squeezed her hand and said:

"Then we'll be out of debt in no time."

## CHAPTER IV.

As the short journey drew toward an end, all Manners' feelings of fatigue and oppression left him. It wouldn't be long now before he would see Tam, and hear her voice, and carry her upward—leaping to his breast, and hold her as tightly as he dared, and his long, wearisome journey would end in at least one meeting of lovers.

He became so immersed in anticipation of that happy event that he found difficulty in finding topics for conversation. He asked random questions about things and persons, and his mind made no records of Diana's answers. He would ask her many of those same questions the next day when they went for their walk, and she would say: "But you asked me that yesterday!" And he would have no recollection of having asked her.

"Who's Fenn?" he asked.

"There was a lot of them when I was little. They went West. And this one has only been in New York a short while. He's very shy."

"I thought he seemed ill-at-ease. But that was natural enough; finding me there was awkward."

But Manners at this time was not in the least interested in Fenn.

"Everything all right at the farm?"

"Yes. But McCoy is clamoring for wages. His letters are really outrageous."

"He doesn't mean to be impertinent, and he's really devoted to us. Seen a lot of Mary Hastings?"

"Not very much—somehow."

"Pshaw! I love to have you see her."

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)  
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## FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres

PHILIP broke off. He wondered if his halting explanation sounded as lame as it did to himself; he rushed on again anyhow. "Look here—when you take the risk—marry me, marry me at once, I mean, and then . . . then I dare say we shall get to understand each other better."

There was a breathless silence. He raised her face, the tears still wet on her cheeks.

"I don't want to be married—if you don't," she said.

She was unconscious of the pathos in her voice, but it went straight to the heart of the man beside her; his arm tightened its clasp of her.

"Of course, I want to be married," he said, and his voice was more natural and sincere than it had been for a long time.

He even managed a laugh. "Bilby child—kiss me, and say you're sorry for being cross."

This easy, half-taking way of affection was easier. He turned her face to him by its soft little chin and kissed her lips.

It was not a kiss of love, not even of passion; just a light, brotherly sort of kiss, but it swept the clouds from Eva's horizon with a magic touch; she smiled through her tears.

"I wasn't cross—it wasn't that at all."

"Then what was it?"

But she could not explain; she wiped her eyes, ashamedly.

"Look—the sun's coming out again," she said.

"That's a good sign," he answered. "And when did you say you will marry me?"

"I haven't made up my mind."

"Very well, then, I'll make it up for you. Let me see—I suppose a fortnight is long enough for you to buy clothes in, isn't it?"

She laughed happily.

"It's too soon—I couldn't possibly . . ."

"Three weeks, then—not a day longer. What is there to wait for?"

"Nothing, but . . ."

"Then we won't wait. Three weeks today. I'll tell your father when we get back."

His eyes softened as they looked at her flushed face.

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Twenty-three."

It struck him as being pathetically young. He laid his hand over hers.

"We're going to be ever so happy, aren't we?" he said.

"Yes."

"And you'll never be cross with me again?"

"I wasn't cross. . . . It was only . . ."

"Somehow this afternoon," she said hesitatingly, "it all seemed wrong."

"What seemed wrong?"

"Everything," she explained haltingly.

## BOBBIE AND HIS PA

By William F. Kirk

OUR teacher spoke a speaking piece to us yesterday & we should remember it & spring it at home, the speaking piece was like this:

The hites by grate men reeched & kept

Was not at-taned by sudding flite But thay, wile thare companys slept,

Went tolling up-ward thru the mite.

This is the correct dope, sed Pa won I red the speaking piece to him. That cud not have been put truger or better if I had rote it myself, sed Pa. In fact, sed Pa, it sounds like I rote it, sed Pa.

Stuff & non-sense, sed Ma. You cud never have wrote anything so butful, sed Ma. There is a grate lesson in them luvly lines for little Bobbie, sed Ma. Only by hard work do we git anywares, Bobbie, sed Ma.

I never worked so vary hard, sed Pa, yet look ware I am today, sed Pa.

Well, sed Ma, ware are you? I doant see that you are on such a dazeling pinckel, sed Ma, that you can't be seen with the naked eye, sed Ma.

I have cumb pritty far at that, sed Pa, & I offen look back & think of all the pashunt toil wich I put in to git ware I am, sed Pa.

Please doant speak so, sed Ma, a sudding surprise like that is bad for my hart, sed Ma.

I have labored much & long jest the same, sed Pa. You doant realize how hard I work beekaus I work so easy, sed Pa.

That is a very brillunt remark, sed Ma, peepul doant know how hard you work beekaus you work easy. If you work easy you doant work hard, do you? sed Ma.

It is too deep for you, sed Pa. Like many of my remarks, it was intended for brutter eers than what yure eers are, sed Pa.

I never knowed eers was brite, I sed, excep Skinny Blake's eers. They are brite red & he can wiggle them, too, I sed.

Bobbie, sed Ma, I want you to remember all the days of yure life that the noabiest thing in this life is labor, sed Ma. Doant ever let anybody tell you that work is beneath you, sed Ma, or that you are too good to work. Work for the nite is cumming, sed Ma.

## MORE PRIZE RECIPES

GEORGE WASHINGTON CAKE.

1 cupful butter.  
2 cupfuls sugar.  
4 eggs, separated.  
1 cupful milk.  
4 cupfuls flour.

FILLING.  
2 cups milk.  
6 tablespoonsful cornstarch.  
1 egg yolk.  
6 tablespoonsful sugar.  
1/4 teaspoonful salt.  
1 cup cherries.

ICING.  
1 egg white.  
2 tablespoonsful hot water.  
1 teaspoonful vanilla.  
Beat enough confectioners' sugar for nice frost.—Mrs. Laura Calder, 1373 C street southwest.

COCOA-NUT CAKE.  
1/2 lb. butter.  
2 cup sugar (scant).  
4 eggs.  
1 cup milk.  
3 cups flour.  
3 teaspoons baking powder.  
1/2 flavor with vanilla.—Mrs. J. L. Cannon, 629 H street southwest.

Linen is either formal or informal, according to the atmosphere with which one invests it, and so Paris favors of a youthful afternoon frock is left undecorated, proving that raspberry colored linen may stand on its own merits, but the skirt and sleeves are attractively embroidered in royal blue. The straight Florentine neck line and the wide sleeves are banded with blue ribbed silk and finished with pearl buttons, while a bit of raspberry silk lends color to the hat of black horse-hair straw.

The distinction of a brown linen over-bouse is divided between the line from shoulder to waist, where it is fastened, and that from waist to hip, where it should fasten, but doesn't. Instead it is cut away to show that the pleats of its tan linen skirt extend all the way to the waist, on one side at least.

## Trip With the Moon

PRINTED IN TWO INSTALLMENTS

By Garrett P. Serviss

FEW know how greatly their enjoyment of a little, simple astronomical knowledge would be enhanced by looking at such objects as the moon and the stars somewhat systematically instead of in an altogether haphazard way. I will venture to say that anybody who follows the course of the moon through the sky during one whole month, will learn more of uranography than can be done by any amount of star-chart study.

To indicate the constellations, leading the way, night after night, through the zodiacal asterisms that are above the horizon at the time of observation, and enabling the amateur star-gazer to recognize not only the principal stars near which she passes, but also the star groups or constellations that adjoin her path.

I am going to offer an outline of the moon's celestial itinerary for the coming month of June, in order to see whether some readers may not find it useful and interesting. New moon occurs early in the morning of June 6, i. e., her conjunction with the sun, when, of course, she is altogether hidden in the solar rays. But on the evening of the 8th attentive observers may see her as a crescent, low in the sunset. She will then be on the border between the constellation Gemini on the west and the constellation Cancer on the east. Castor and Pollux, the twin stars of Gemini, will be setting some fifteen degrees farther north.

The next night the moon will be in the constellation Cancer, rather more than twelve degrees east of where she was the night before, and with her crescent figure visibly broadened. Early in the evening she will be not far from fourth magnitude star Alpha Cancri and almost directly below the glimmering "Beehive" cluster.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Unusual and Distinctive Paris Gowns



## ADVICETO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going about with a young man who is thirty years old for only a short while. He has told me how much he likes me, and I have never cared for any man as much as I do for him. He has been more in my life in the short time that I have known him than anyone else. He has recently gone away and told me that he would always love me and would write to me.

I met this young man through a married lady, and he has written to her, as he is a very good friend of her's and her husband's, but has not yet written to me. He has been away about a month. Miss Fairfax tell me what to do in a case like this, as I want to hear from him.

DOWNHEARTED.

You will have to wait the pleasure of the young man. Or if you want to pocket your pride, you might suggest to your friends that when they write to him they tell him you are patiently waiting for that letter, or something of that sort.

Various widths of cire braid make various modes of decoration. In a season when cire floral, ribbon and braid trimmings are considered smart.

In a charming frock of pale blue organdie, the ruffles to which the skirt owes its bouffancy, are headed with half-inch cire braid in pearl gray. The perfectly plain short-sleeved bodice is striped lengthwise with the braid at four-inch intervals, and little pleated ends of it make a fringe-like trimming for the flat two-tiered organdie collar.

There is a decidedly sporting air to a two-piece model of Chinese green crepe and satin. The over-bodice of the sort of collar, knotted at the front, while exceedingly narrow bands of black cire braid on the short sleeves and front of bodice are the only other details. Bands of wider braid in groups of two trim the skirt.

Now all together for a big laugh. I am only married nine months, but I know my marriage is going to stay a success. These nine months have been paradise, and I wouldn't be single again for the world.

HAPPINESS.

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## Is Your Boy Like This?

EXERCISE AND DIET IS REMEDY

By W. A. McKeever

Professor in the University of Kansas and a Well-Known Educator.

WAS graduated from common schools at twelve with exceptionally high grades. Entered high school, but soon became dull, lazy and indifferent. Quit entirely and loafed around home reading, eating and sleeping long and late.

Tried out a few odd jobs, but stuck to nothing and returned home each time to loaf.

Cross and unappreciative at home, taking everything and giving nothing in return. Perfectly willing for mother to wash and mend for him and for Father to work hard and feed him—while he slept.

Threatens to run away occasionally. Once or twice actually made the start, taking all the available money about home before leaving. Soon returned, however, sleepy again.

At one trial, actually made a start and saved money for a month or two. Then spent it all chiefly for sweets, of which he is very fond. Now, at seventeen, he has a regular member of the leisure class.

The purpose of all the foregoing detail is to outline a case which is duplicated in thousands of instances throughout the country—some better and some worse—and to follow with an attempt at a definite mode of treatment.

Fundamentally, this case is one of auto-intoxication, a slow elimination of the poison by-products of his food and the sweets he consumes. His body and brain are saturated with this poison till his mind is dulled and his temperament entirely changed.

You may plan for his future till you are gray with age, or scold him till you are black in the face, and accomplish nothing.

A course of exercise, strict diet, and mild medical remedies will in a month's time make the young man into a new creature. He experiences no such youth what his real trouble is, and it makes him more angry and savage when you try to explain.

My final word of advice is that you continue calmly but forcefully to explain to this unconsciously sick youth what his real trouble is, for there will be little improvement in his life until he lays hold on the trouble of his own volition and makes a correction.

Then matters will change rapidly. Some time, from a sort of accidental fasting and rapid elimination combined he will suddenly have a spurt of physical energy, mental brilliancy and will discover the close mind and body relation. He will try hard to reform himself, but, of course, here is your grave danger that it will be too late to make a complete recovery.

Exercise, bathing, light diet, accelerated elimination—these are nature's only sure cure for your lazy, unmoral boy.

DISCOURAGED W. Z.

CATERS TO HIS WISHES.

Is marriage a success? Who knows but those who made it so. So far mine is, and with the help of God and the best husband in the world (mine) I am going to keep it so.

For six years we went together before we were married. In that time we both loved each other, but not near so much as we do now.

My husband is twenty-three and I am twenty-two. No one should marry without knowing his or her dispositions. Some may say "impossible." No, it isn't.

I know my husband used to go out and have wild times, but so did I. He doesn't always feel like talking, but neither do I. So you see I cater to his likes and dislikes and he does likewise. We tell each other everything—and I think full confidence between a married couple is the whole secret of a happy married life.

Now all together for a big laugh. I am only married nine months, but I know my marriage is going to stay a success. These nine months have been paradise, and I wouldn't be single again for the world.